

The Tales of a Misfit Spartan

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Summary: All OCs. a Misfit spartan and his buddy fight a few enemies. hilarity insures. Rated T for Cursing

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I was with an ODST Corporal by the name of James Davis fighting Bugs when I had an idea.

"Hey, Corporal, can you check the next bug you kill can you check the body to see if it wears a collar?" I asked

" And why would you want to know that?" he retorted

I quickly replied "some people, including me, thought that they did because they were slaves, but no one is sure."

"And why can't you do that?" he asked

"Enemies are much more likely to notice a 7.5 foot tall dull orange spartan than a city-camo ODST." I answered

"fine, but I (censored) hate you" he said regretting the yes

"Sweet, I'll clear the area for you." I replied. A little bit later (and by that I mean two or three minutes) the room was clear and the walls were splattered grossly with guts, and the bodies of three brutes, four jackals, seven Grunts, and 2 bugs.

The corporal approached the body cautiously because it was still twitching, and when it stopped for a moment he checked, "Wow, they do wear collars." he nearly exclaimed. Right after that he saw me raise one of my weapons and fired one round right into the bugs head, I immediately started laughing while saying " what else would you expect, it is me after all!" I ran out of breath then resumed shortly, "Could you join me in my odd quest to have fun while killing the Covenant?"

He shortly replied, "sure but your cleaning my armor first!"

"sure. I didn't expect that big of an explosion, so sorry..."

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